Hast. So prosper I,as I sweare perfect loue:
Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
King. Maddam,your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*,*Buckingham*,nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*,let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dors.Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Hast. And so I swere my Lord.
King. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.
Buck.When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you,or yours,but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate,in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe,hollow trecherous,and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
King. A pleasing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo.Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed as we haue spent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity,faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed Peares.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne Liege,
Amongst this Princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence , I desire
To reconcile me to his freindly peace,
Tis death to me to be at emnity,
I hate it and desire all good mens loue.
First Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchace with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord *Riuers* , and Lord *Gray* of you
That all without desart haue fround on me.
Dukes,Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of al
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strife were well compounded
My soueraigne leige I do beseech your Maiesty
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo.Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for
To be thus scornd in this royall presence ?
Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead
You doe him iniury to scorne his coarse. (he
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who know
Qu. All seeing heauen , what a world is thi
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest
Dor. I my good Lord and none in this presen
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead ? the order was reuers
Glo. But He poore soule by our first order dic
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy criple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loya
Neerer in bloody thoughts,but not in blood
Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did
And yet goe currant from suspition. *E*